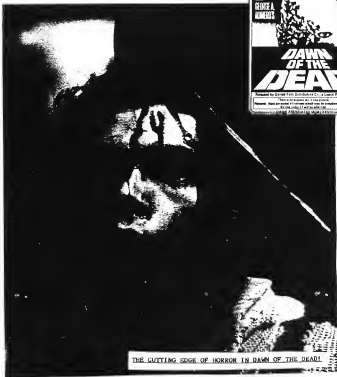


SUBTERRENE

ISSUE 2



THE CUTTING EDGE OF HORROR IN DAWN OF THE DEAD!

Editorial

Well it's back, the Zine for the discerning Horror viewer. Issue two is here after more hours of sweat over my Amstrad. Well I'm not complaining, far from it, this is the stereotypical labour of love.

One quick word of thanks to SAMHAIN the inspiration for this zine, thanks for the mention in SAMHAIN's hallowed pages guys.

So what has happened since issue 1, well I got a look at Bride of Frankenstein which is reviewed elsewhere, I've seen Frankhooker and Basket Case II, seen The Exorcist on the big screen (Odeon Leeds) as well as seeing the uncut (completely) Evil Dead. Not a bad collection of Horror happenings.

As those who bought issue 1 will realise, the type is smaller in places and there's less blank space, sorry for those who like this style but to get more words in without increasing the page numbers too much this was my only option. On the issue of pages I seem to remember saying something last issue about increasing SUBTERRENE's size, well as you can see there is an extra two pages and all without increasing the price (and no one wants that do they). Hopefully this will become a regular feature with a couple of extra pages per issue.

Thanks must also go to Jim McLennan editor of Trash City who provided some constructive criticism that I hope he can see I've seen taken to heart in this issue. One thing he said was that issue 1 covered familiar ground. I know, it did, but as a new comer to the underground scene I went for the famous/notorious, the stuff I'd heard about, this subject matter in 2 is a little more diverse and hopefully this will continue to expand with each subsequent issue.

Also Trash City advertised SUBTERRENE at 60p its actually 50p SAMHAIN got it right.

Thanks to Ian Thewlis who helped on the 'Dawn of the Dead' as well as writing the 'A Clockwork Orange' review, Ian will hopefully become a regular contributor.

Anyone who has stills please contact me. Stills are the hardest thing to find and I'm not having much luck.

Thanks of course go to those who bought issue 1, I hope you enjoyed it and will continue to get SUBTERRENE.

I've written to a number of people recently with regards to film lists and some of them haven't replied, why?

Thanks to Ernest Hayes for the video covers and for the weird and the wonderful 'Let Me Die a Woman', great stuff which is unlikely to be shown on SKY.

Next issue I will have a look at Dario Argento probably with a four to six page overview of his work. Also look out for reviews of 'Rabid', 'Toxic Avenger' 1 & 2 and a comparison of the cuts in Hellbound now its out on video. The rest of the stuff is in the planning stage so you'll have to buy issue 3 to find out what I've been wearing my eyes out on.

Until then I hope you enjoy this issue and hope you have a good couple of months. Bye for Now ANTMAN. Any comments on this issue write to:

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ZOMBIE HOLOCAUST

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Not for the faint-hearted...



The Last Horror Film (Well Not Quite)

Oh joy, Oh rapture, Oh well it came close.
Joe Spinell, a taxi driver, has dreams of directing his favourite Horror Actress. He's a little bit of a closet psycho and traips off to Cannes to persuade Janna Betes in the delectable fore of Caroline Munro to star in the movie he wants to direct. Now to say that Our friend Joe is a tad odd is to say that old leatherface is actually a good dinner guest. He roves around Cannes with a camera breathing heavily and getting increasingly pissed off at the world. Which is when Miss Munro's producer and ex-husband is seen having his throat lovingly cut about an inch away from the camera (which actually gets drenched with the spraying blood). The next thing we know Janna Betes is cooing and when she walks into the bathroom the ex drops his head into the overflowing sink. As she runs out we see Spinell filming it from the fortunate vantage point of the toilet.

So have we the usual stalk and slash movie here. Don't you believe it, this film is a cut above the rest (pun intended). From the initial throat slash to the cliché (if not too surprising) end. Why, well mainly because its played for laughs. Not in a zany whacky way but with clever dialogue good effects and an overall tongue in cheek eploebe.

Add to this some nice gore and quite good performances all round and we have an above average film. I'm not going to hell this as any kind of easterpiece because it isn't. It is however funny and gory and a treat for the lunatic in everyone. Hell there's even a good chance to spot the films in Cannes that year (try count thee, I did and gave up at forty five).

If you've seen the dross that is now been passed off as comic/horror in your local video library then get this at all cost. Its funnier and gorier than the unfunny and ungory films that have come after it.

Oh yeah there's frontal nudity a plenty but this is merely for the voyeurs as its not especially integral to the plot(so what's new in this particular aspect of US film).

Watch, it for your own 'piece' of mind.

Toolbox Murders

Psycho on the loose time again, and oh what a sick one this is. Hands up all those who remember Suck from the High Chapperal, well he's in this mess of an exploitation flick.

Picture the scene, a ski masked loony wanders around an apartment complex making merry with an assorted array of carpentry tools, all neatly carried in the toolbox of the title.

What sounds like an interesting basic premise is treated with an unusual lack of directorial flair and a bland lack of interest from the cast and crew. The murders are pretty gory but the pathetic script gives the impression that the film would have been better as a ten minute short.

After the obligatory killing of the naked ladies the film tries to change track into a who dunnit scenario, this fails to work so we get some sore deaths and a kidnapping. The police in this film are mind bogglingly stupid, the identity of the killer is just too obvious that their failure to catch him is a serious flaw to an already extremely flawed film.

Its a shame really because this film did have a certain amount of promise. Needless to say that in the grand tradition of sleaze exploitation the film is bogged down by a long list of short comings and plain stupidities.

Okay I've ripped the film off, now for the few good bits. The nail gun killing is clever considering that this is the first time it was used (at least I think it is). Watch out for the power drill as it comes close to the camera. I mean its spinning so slowly that you have to wonder how it ever gets through the door that the next victim has locked herself behind.

Watch for the almost obligatory masturbation scene for a rare laugh.

Well if this sounds like your cup of coffee I suggest you try de-caf.



Herbert West is back with his green goo and this time he's really going for gold. Take one pinch of Re-animator, one pinch of Bride of Frankenstein and one pinch of The Island of Dr. Moreau and you've got the sequel to one of the most popular horror films of recent times. But what precisely do you get, well despite what some critics have said I think you get an above average sequel.

It has to be said that this isn't as inventive as the first film but that aside it is a visually exciting romp through a perversely decorated landscape of genre jokes imaginative asides and wonderfully OTT performances (Herbert West is even more manic this time round).

This critic loved it. But then then again I enjoyed Nekromantik !

Brian Yuzna is at the helm for this jaunt and its not a bad decision. Yuzna certainly seems to have a flair for catching quirky effects at their best angles, watch for the dog shaking hands with its owner for a nervous laugh. The scripting is a variety of subtle digs and intentionally cliched spoutings that whips the dialogue along with a frenetic pace.

The performances by all are above average (with the possible exception of the Italian love interest who doesn't seem to know which film she's in).

The effects are superb, the spider/hand is hilarious as it scampers around the head of the slobby cop, I was sorry when it got squished. West comes over like a child in a sweet factory taking great delight from experimenting with various body parts. I loved it when the leg/arm kicked him in the face, Dr Graves ! the pathologist is great with his conversations with the head of Dr Hill who it has to be said is probably the best thing in the film (not bad for bodiless head), some of his dialogue is simply rib splitting and God his manic eyes really do seem to eat the screen.



You may have guessed by now that I really enjoyed this film, shucks I guess I'm guilty on that score. But to rip this film off for not been quite as good as the original seems extremely petty when you consider that it is still better than virtually anything else in this sub genre of Horror/Comedy.

If you like your horror with a large dose of laughs then I suggest that you buy Re-animator and see Bride of/Re-animator 2 as soon as possible. If your wondering why I keep calling it Bride when its released as Re-animator 2 then the explanation is that Bride is its original title but for some reason its released here as Re-animator 2.

Anyway I liked it, I would be interested to hear other peoples views, so get writing.

Zombie Holocaust AKA Dr. Butcher M.D. (Medical Deviate)

Oh dear here we go into those decidedly dodgy areas of complete exploitation for exploitations sake. Thrill at intestine munching and graphic eye gouging, see a variety of grisly effects lovingly captured in glorious technicolour. See native cannibals chase and be chased and see about five zombies lumber about in a totally pointless picture. I mean its stretching the imagination to count five zombies as a Holocaust. So if we ignore the title of *Zombie Holocaust* and go for the other title we are still extremely baffled. The *Dr* doesn't appear until the last third of this film. So perhaps a more fitting title would be '*Banal Film that Shows some Gore*'.

I mean even as an exploitation film it falls short, how many exploitation films only show one pair of breasts and not even a soft core scene to please the lower elements of the audience. I think I'd rather watch the full version of *Caligula* than this.



But stop, this film has a redeeming feature.

This film is an unintentionally hilarious romp. Like watching *Plan Nine from Outer Space*, I don't think I stopped chuckling as I watched this film unfold in all its glorious absurdities, the dialogue should crack up even the most boring person up. And the acting, oh God the acting, in fact I think the only actors in this film are the five zombies.

If your a gore hound then this film should please, the effects are by the guy who thrilled us with *Zombie*. In fact the effects on reflection should take leading honours in this sad doctor/zombie/cannibal/intrepid(daft) explorer flick of totally ludicrous proportions.

Oh yes, please watch out for the hero dispatching a zombie with an outboard motor, priceless.



A completely misleading advert.
He doesn't make House Calls!

Ai No Corrida - A Study in Obsession

Japanese dubbed into English, not usually a good idea. Hard core sex passing as art, never works, or does it? Well in this case it very nearly does.

Insatiable desire sends a geisha girl and a client on a tour of sexual excess a la 9th weeks. The sex isn't as graphic as true hard core which helps this film in its protestations of art.

Art? Well not quite but neither is it porn. What the film achieves is a complex study of sexuality and its destructive power when unleashed without restraints.

Straight sex is becoming boring for the intense couple so they slip into what starts as mild S/M and soon becomes near fatal throttling while ejaculating. Both seem to enjoy this experiment in extremes but it isn't long before the throttling becomes a fatal experiment for the male half of our couple. Sada (the geisha) cuts off Kyûji San's earhood (unsettlingly realistic) in the final act, which confirms the fact that he could have been seen solely as a phallus with no personality or life unless occupied in copulation.

The film carries a disturbing vein of social displacement and alienation that pushes the couple further to an edge that they ultimately plunge over in an attempt to re-define their own personalities. Actually all they find in their sexual excess is a further destruction of personality to the point that both become mere images of representation of genitalia.

Ai No Corrida certainly presents a frank exploration of sexual excess that reveals itself as destructive when it is the only motivation in a relationship (9th Weeks has a very similar message).

The director went on to the more widely seen 'Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence'.

House By The Cemetery

Lucio Fulci the man who brought us the likes of *Zombie Flesh Eaters* is here with his own *Creeper House* hiding a dark secret in the cellar file. And for a change it isn't too bad, in fact it's quite good.

The only flaw in this film is the disjointed narrative which at times make it hard to follow the past and present time lines.

That minor quibble aside and we are presented with a strange thing, an Italian Horror film with a real sense of pace and tension. The atmosphere evoked is spooky and at crucial moments the dark mood is extremely claustrophobic. The end sees a climatic struggle as the ubiquitous child in peril tries in desperation to push his way through a crack in a stone tablet.

The gore is a slightly reserved affair but there is enough to keep gore grovellers satisfied (I liked the throat slitting of the in house baby sitter).

Other elements of interest in this above average film are the bat that attacks the boy's father and clings in bloody detail to his hand for five minutes or so. The first scene, which is really a prelude, where a girl looks for her lover only to find him stuck on the back of a door and only to get stabbed through the skull with a large knife that exits through her mouth is quite a shock in the first three minutes.

All in all Fulci has come up with a film that utilises gore without having to rely on it completely. The mood evoked throughout is one of irrational panic and unsettled fear climaxing in a confrontation with the ex-tenant who now lives and kills in the cellar.

A good file worth checking out.

Evil Dead - What the Censors put on the floor

Well last issue I informed those who were with me that Evil Dead had been re-released, i'm sure they already know but it was still a great event in Horror history. Well I went out and bought it, I figured ten quid for THIS film a bargain. I knew before hand that it had been diced a little bit more, I still wanted it. So I got it took it home stuck it in the video and sat back and enjoyed Raimi's masterpiece. I was impressed, even with the new cuts the film was fast and furious and a great roller coaster ride of fun and blood and dark humour.

Following me so far, good. Having seen the new release I thought i'd go back and have a look at the original. I'm not talking about the original cinematic release in Britain (missing 40 seconds even back then). No i'm talking about the American uncut version. So I watched it, and well below is a list of the cuts. My personal opinion is that although the new release is perfectly serviceable the original is a little dark, more gory and obviously not as prone to stupid jumps in the edit where scenes have been deleted. Its better but harder to find (Understatement there) and although the picture quality is superior on the new release (modern technology) i'd still go watch the original.

Right below are brief details and approximate time guides to what's gone missing from the original to become the new release. Now I haven't seen the cinematic print so this just compares the American version to our new one. I cannot tell you which scenes are still in the cinema version.

1) Right first up the infamous tree rape, the new version removes all imagery of actual penetration, now all you've got is some trees grabbing her and ripping her clothes a bit. Also missing is her legs been pulled apart by the vines. A total of 16 seconds lost.

2) Next up to the shears is the pencil in the ankle scene. In the uncut version there's a bit more ankle abuse. Say goodbye to another 4 seconds.

3) When the male jerk goes looking for his girl he gets scratched on the side of the face. The uncut version has 2 seconds of scratching extra.

4) When the stupid prat sticks the knife in the girls wrist there's some extra cutting and quite a bit more chopping. 10 second discrepancy.

5) When the prat grabs the axe off the catatonic Ash there's quite a bit more axe swinging, two extremities actually get cut off and the camera gets covered in blood. Another 15 seconds is now on the floor.

6) When Ash slaps his giggling girl in the new version he does it once, in the original he slaps her 3 times. 3 seconds.

7) When Ash gets knifed by his now Evil Dead girl she licks the bloody knife. She licks for longer in the uncut version. 2 seconds hit the dirt.

8) When Ash knifes his girl she spews some extra blood and white stuff. 3 seconds.



ONE OF THE EVIL DEAD

9) When Ash's girl comes back out of the grave she tears into his leg, she does this tearing for 3 seconds longer.

10) Ash picks up the big plank and hits his irritatingly giggly girl twice, at least he does in the cut version. In the uncut version he really goes for it smacking the hell out of her and she spews some of that porridge stuff. 15 whole seconds missing here.

11) The head cutting scene has lost a lot of blood going into Ash's face. In fact there's 7 seconds of blood missing.

12) When Ash's is trying to stop the persistent bitch from getting in the cabin he smack her hands with the rifle butt twice in the uncut but only once in the cut film. 2 seconds lost.



13) The eye gouging scene is substantially cut. As is the pulling out of the splinter. 6 Seconds in total.

14) Ash gets hit with the poker twice in the cut version but this is doubled in the uncut film. 4 seconds go pointlessly to the censors graveyard.

15) The final disintegration scene is missing a bit of the hands in the stomach bite and some blood splattering. 6 seconds for the final cut.

All in all there's a minutes and 48 seconds now missing. This is a rough figure and may be a couple of seconds out either way. Its still a shame to see a film of this quality cut.

Texas Chainsaw Massacre 2 - Hooper & Hopper

Tobe Hooper returns to the scene of the crime that redefined horror (well almost) and brings us a more gory outing than the first episode, thanks to the excessive excellence of Tom Savini.

Dennis Hopper plays Lefty Enright a law man hunting the family for killing his spouse in TCM.

This time round the action takes place in the subterranean world below an old tourist attraction. And my its weird down there.

Hopper is 'aided' by a female disc jockey who Leatherface develops a crush for, watch for his saw antics it gives pelvic thrust a new meaning. Anyhow we are re-introduced to Leatherface as he saws the hell out of a couple of yuppie brats as they're driving along a bridge. Bang Leatherface is back as is Hooper.

Hooper is great as usual, as Lefty his performance is manic and quirky and perfectly fitting to the usual bizzariness of Hooper's clan of Cannibal cooks. His climatic Saw battle is brilliantly staged and great to watch.

Talking of cooks, The Cook is the only actor back from the original and he seems to be enjoying it even more this time round. In fact his Chili is now famous in Texas and thanks to its secret ingredients its now a prize winning dish.

The new character in the family is Plate head, a Vietnam vet who has a steel plate in his head. Plate head fits in really well here, he's strange enough and definitely an asset to Hooper macabre tale.

Tom Savini provides the excellent effects that take a lot of pressure off the thin plot.

Quite a few critics have ripped this film to pieces, they shouldn't have really. Sure its not as good as the original but no sequel ever is, that aside TCM 2 is still a great and probably the only one that's lived up to the promise Hooper showed in TCM. If you've never seen the original then this film is for you, with no preconceptions and no inbuilt expectations this film delivers, its scary and gory, its weird and whecky and its definitely Hooper doing what we wish he'd do more often.

Hooper has heightened one element of the original and that element is humour. The Cook has some of the funniest one liners ever, sure its Dark humour but its still hilarious.

Texas Chainsaw Massacre 2 is a movie that was destined to receive a lot of flack, Hooper had the unenviable task of following a masterpiece of terror and in the final examination he came damn close. 2 is a sequel that manages some original ideas and some more of Hoopers unique imagery, the performances are all excellent, the only thing left to say is that The Saw is Family and heres hoping Hooper comes back to this kind of torn, soon.



Videodrome - Cronenberg the Visionary

David Cronenberg is probably the most consistently original genre director ever. Videodrome along with Dead Ringers is easily his most disturbing and down right weird offering. The man from Canada holds a distinct and completely original viewpoint in everything he gifts to his legion of admiring fans, he sees through a completely different lense to everyone else. This is of course a blessing to our beloved genre when one considers that his contemporaries such as Craven, Hooper and Carpenter have seemingly (and hopefully only briefly) lost their touch. Only Romero has kept up with Cronenberg in respect of delivering the goods (Monkeyshines is a good film despite the lack of Zombies).

James Woods and Debbie Harry star in this film of sexual perversion, sado-masochist fantasies and media manipulation. Woods plays the head of a seedy cable T.V. station specialising in soft core sex and hard core violence while Harry is a radio therapist psychoanalysing callers on air. The pair are brought together on a chat show and embark on a wildly sado-masochist affair.

Meanwhile Mr Woods associate and pirate supreme has come across a very heavy sado-masochist show on satellite called Videodrome, in it people are bound, beaten, electrocuted and otherwise abused by masked tormentors. Needless to say Woods loves it and starts on a determined quest to find its makers and buy it for his station.

For those who haven't seen this excellent film don't worry I won't detail anyone of the intricate plot. To do so would prove a difficult task and one best left to a more in depth study than this.

The story itself is one so strange and cerebral that it should attract any genre fan above the level of Jason V., I mean this film continually operates on a variety of levels connected by Cronenberg in such a way that to catch all its subtleties one must see it more than once (i'm up to about eight and am still garnering a little more each time) There are other equally and uniquely commendable factors that make this film work in such dramatic fashion. For instance there's the subtle jerking effect of the camera as it pans in scenes after Woods has seen Videodrome, Cronenberg has created the image of a strobe light or a nano second time lapse that shows visually the integration of Woods into Videodrome and his early development of New Flesh.

Cronenberg is master of gore as well in this film. Scanners had its exploding heads and Videodrome has hands delving deep into stomachs and the grisly death of New Flesh.

Videodrome is a genuine must see film. It captures your thoughts days after viewing.



The Cutting Room

Well here we are on the sounding board for your views on the heated topic of cutting horror films. It did occur to me the other day that the glorious censor who we all love to hate could solve the cutting problem with ease when it comes to video. You see there is a film category called an 18R which is for cut down porn films, you won't see them in your local video library but they do exist. Surely they could let uncut horror films go in this category, I mean the R stands for restricted so they could let us have the harder stuff in this category. At least we'd get to see the films without breaking a law we don't even agree with.

Well that's just something to add to the debate, onto some other peoples views.

Jim McLennan editor of 'Trash City' had this to say on the topic: "I feel some kind of censorship is necessary, but the \$64,000 question is who decides what should be cut? The question of differing cuts for cinema and video is a simple one; it's a lot easier to control who sees a film at the cinema. There is nothing to stop someone showing 'Hellbound' to their 8 year old brother, and so we need to protect 'the problem child with a TV [and video] in their bedroom'. Also, you can't take elements out of context in the cinema, or replay scenes repeatedly, strengthening their impact (if the FX are decent!)."

Well in reply i'd only like to say that it is an unfortunate state of affairs when a group in whole are made to suffer for the irresponsibility of a minority (I would never show a gory film to anyone so young). On the subject of re-winding and slow motion I fail to see how it can strengthen the impact of an effect, I think it does the opposite, you can pick up on how the effect was done if you watch on slow motion, you can't see that at the cinema so surely the effect is greater when you can't repeatedly watch a scene.

Jim also took me up on my definition of pornography, my definition is simple, pornography to me is hard core sex - actual penetration. Russ Meyer to me isn't pornographic and I like his films. Ai No Corrida is pornographic but its also art so crosses a dodgy divide. Caligula (uncut) is pornographic and a crap film so who cares. Nekromantik isn't pornographic though it is deliciously sick. Debbie Does Dallas is pornographic but I haven't seen it so I won't comment.

You may be wondering why i'm rambling on, well to tell the truth no one has written with comments to the Cutting Room. I mean come on people this is our genre we should be vocal about it. Tell you what, you write to me i'll print the letters and send the originals to the B.B.F.C. so we can show these people that we don't appreciate their tampering.

One thing we will have to watch out for is the possible repercussions over the Paedophilic snuff movies. I know they have nothing to do with us or our genre but I heard our favourite person Mary Whitehouse commenting on the need to re-define the obscenity laws! Come on, what has child sex and Snuff films have to do with obscenity laws, they're criminal acts pure and simple, they should not be considered in connection with the obscenity laws. The makers of these films are sick people who break both the nations and natures law and who therefore should be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. If the obscenity laws are altered it could mean more films added to the 'Video Nasty' list, which would be a bummer to say the least.

Well that's enough Cutting Room this time, please write expressing your views so I don't have to foist my views upon people who may disagree.

Ilsa Harem Keeper of the Oil Sheiks

Ha, ha a true dyed in blood exploitation classic of epic proportions that panders to sadomasochists everywhere. Dyanne Thorne stars as the incredibly stacked Ilsa all round sadist and unpleasant person to know. In this her second outing she is a slave trainer for rich arabs who buy kidnapped women at auction. Obviously the first thing to say about this film is that the word saxeise was invented for films like this. Wrong! Ilsa treats everyone with the same cruelty, she's like Mrs Thatcher in the way she shits all over everyone.

Anyway onto the stuff that (depending on your point of view) is a list of female nakedness and out. These imaginative punishment dutch cap that goes off on their fitted between the legs either off the balcony stairs to be beaten up by Ilsa's two female martial arts experts. Like I said great stuff.

Anyhow these Americans turn Sheik to drop oil prices, Ilsa and is seen indulging in some Sheik isn't impressed and assassinated by the Yank, so he trap and makes Ilsa suffer the a laser.

Ilsa seemingly puts up with of course its hardly a cunning the Yank and organising a tied and gagged and made to happen to have one of those they both go out with a bang, the indignation of her fate doesn't like the cruelty stuff Sheik to throw her into a pit

Silly stuff indeed, but so what if you can't guess the type of the film from the title then you must be thick. If you want to hurt someone don't just watch this. Next issue Ilsa - She Wolf of the SS. Don't piss it.



makes this film so great view). The advice is a long nasty punishment scenes include an exploding orgasm, a special rat trap and allows the rat access to orifices and an opportunity assistants in the form of who fight topless and oiled,

up to try to persuade the gets a trifle hot for one energetic copulation. The accuses Ilsa of being puts the Guy in a Tarantula indignity of being fondled by

this and goes back to work, play and has seen releasing slave revolt. The Sheik is back a nubila slave who just special contraceptive devices but Ilsa hadn't allowed for boyfriend who decides he so he gets the new child of shit.

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Cannibal Apocalypse

Sh back to those steamy jungles where guts are eunched and animals tortured, well if you want by the title that's what you would think. Actually what you get is some Vietnam vets with contagious cannibalism running round Atlanta biting people. Setting aside its not such a bad film, unfortunately though the contagious cannibal stuff doesn't work and with no turtles been killed it never has the impact of a real Cannibal film.

Never mind John Saxon is his usual solid self and there are a few good effects although the guy getting a completely circular hole blown through his stomach by a shotgun totting cop just looks silly. You could, if you were been really charitable, say that this is an allegorical film studying the dehumanisation of American soldiers in Vietnam. You could say that but you'd be full of shit, I mean since when does Saxon star in anything but the truest exploitation flicks. Still artistic intent aside it ain't a bad film. Don't expect another Cannibal Holocaust and you won't be disappointed.

Frankenhooker - Hosenlatter Killer of Guinea Pigs

The ass who brought us Basket Case and Belzel, who shocked us with Brain Damage and Elmer is back with a tongue in cheek variation on the Frankenstein theme. You know this film is Hosenlatter when the hero's girlfriend gets run over by a remote controlled lawn mower in the first five minutes. And do you realize this is his first film that doesn't begin with 'B'.

Actually this film has a lot in common with Bride of Re-animator which is unfortunate in some respects. I mean Bride will come first so Frankenhooker will suffer as a result, shame because as much as I like Bride I think I prefer this, its certainly more seneic and more inventive.

Anysew comparisons aside Frankenhooker is a gem of a film that captures a whecky vein of irreverant humour with bare hands and throttles every last joke out of it. Picture the scene, a lab table with a caged Guinea Pig atop it. See our hero blow the cute little furbell into many englad pieces by naking it wssiff 'Super Creck'. Greet stuff and just to further gell the outraged parents now shouting about the sanding up of a serious problee Hosenlatter takes a sly dig at Americas just say no campaign. Don't misanderstand, Hosenlatter isn't saying drugs are cool or anything of the sort in fact and in his own way he's condemning drugs and its abuses, but thats the point, no everage parent will catch the sardonice irreverence and see it for what it is because thats Hosenlatters weyl

The plot, ah you dont need to know do you ? O.K, the Hero's girl dies so he goes whecky and power drills his head a but (weird bit). He decides to bring back his girlfriend in the grand old tradition, so he ovardoes a lot of prostitutes on his super creck, they all explode and our Hero starts to build his girl. He gets the body done and fixes on her head, winches her into the sky on a storey right and brings down his creation who proaply knocks his out and goes looking for some action of a sleezy kind (I seen she has all the body parts of various prostitutes) Anysew the hero goes to find her which he does just as her son too stabla head is knocked off. He takes her hase and reinforces the neck join. He finishes up and gets his own head cut off by the step of the girls he'd blown up.

But thats not the end, oh no, his girl brings our Hero back with a few changas nasealy a pair of braasts and a sissing dick. You see the serum he used on his girlfriend only worked on females, and anysew as his girl says she still loves him.

Phew, thats a briaf plot description that fails to catch everything due to there seen so much going on, but heres a few scenes to wetch out for. The pimp at the end is got by the wper body parts of his ex girls in a scene very reeminiscent of some of Herbert Vests creations in Bride of Re-animator. A sliey fet gut gets blown up by the re-aniated girlfriend, talk about hot lips.

Great film that should hit the funny bone for almost its entire length.

If it doesnt, get your funny bone re-tuned.



HENRY - SERIAL KILLER

Stark and brutal images of death assault your eyes from the start of this excellent and disturbing film. An intense undercurrent of malevolence and moral violence permeates the entire length of this great movie.

Henry of the title is based in part on an actual American killer which could explain the U.S. film boards refusal to give this honest film an R rating (equivalent to our 18).

We might unfortunately have a similar problem over here, I mean with such a harsh realistic and essentially non judgemental tone the film could cause problems. You see Henry isn't caught at the end he just wanders off, he isn't brought to any sort of justice. This ambiguous moral tone could seriously fuck up the B.B.F.C. On the other hand they could treat this film with the respect its obvious artistic integrity deserves and just give it an 18 without cuts. Stranger things have after all happened look at the cases of 'Society' and 'Bad Taste' (not that Bad Taste is particularly artistic).

In fact its tone is very reminiscent of 'Combat Shock' in its lack of optimism, this of course makes it all the more realistic.

The Direction, script and acting are all top notch and the whole look of the film rises far above its meager budget. If distribution of this film is handled well it should achieve its potential and become a true classic of the genre.



The story takes Henry a quiet individual and slowly reveals him as a thrill killer with an odd moral attitude. Apparently his mother took in a lot of lovers when his father was crippled. His mother who Henry describes as a whore made him watch her and her men have sex and sometimes she made him wear girls clothes while watching. Now this is where it gets vague, all Henry's past is revealed through conversation and he contradicts himself often. He seems to be inventing a tragic and abused childhood in an attempt to excuse his killings.

His father is crippled but we aren't told how, his brother dies of a bone disorder and is only mentioned once. He says he has a sister toward the end of the film yet she has never been previously noted.

More specifically he says he killed his mother with three murder weapons.

Henry is a complex character with an extremely loose grip on morality and reality. He finds murder acceptable but incest and rape not. His fear of the sexual could be explained by his mothers sad treatment, but we aren't sure whether his mother mis-treated him at all. It is quite probable that Henry takes a similar satisfaction from killing as we would from sex, his seeming penchance for killing women would back up this theory.

The worst of the killings however is the murder of his only salvation, Becky, he murders her brother for attempting drunken incest and a short time later we see him dumping her body at the side of a road.

Possibly the very fact that she is female causes this problem, we know that he could get on with Otis up to a point, perhaps her very sex denies her intimacy with Henry and therefore precipitates her death.

The body count in this film is pretty high (15) but very few of the deaths are shown, most are shown in the after death stage, this doesn't however make them any easier to take. There are no spurting arteries or any large amounts of blood, the violence is realistic its not comic book or grand guignol. Its realism adds to the overall impression of a disturbed mind at work.

Henry is a wounded and tragic character who when frustrated to the point of killing does just that. He drags Otis into this odd stress release technique and they both rove around and kill for kicks.

Otis is perhaps the least sympathetic of pair despite the fact that it is Henry who introduces Otis to murder. Otis tries to rape his sister and a woman he has just killed he is a sleazy type who inspires no warmth from the audience. He is therefore a good contrast to Henry.

What makes it worse is that Henry is not the usual psychopath he hasn't any any of the usual external signs of madness that plague all other

films of this type. Henry doesn't have a weird nervous tick, he doesn't talk to himself and in fact he seems like a quiet but likeable boy next door type. Only when he talks of his past does he betray any outward disturbance.

This film is a tour de force of in the disturbed, its a film that gets under your skin in both a repulsive and intellectual sense. You are left with many unanswered questions and a lot of misgivings.

Henry is almost sympathetic, yet he's a mass murderer, a serial killer with no conscience.

Henry - Portrait of a Serial Killer is a must see film. It marks a high point in recent genre movies.

Watch Henry once, leave it a few days and go back to it, you should find a deeper level that you missed first time round.

To quote from GoreZone ' a remorseless voyeurism that can encompass a landscape littered with corpses...' That's a pretty accurate description of the best film i've seen recently.



A Clockwork Orange

You've all seen the posters for this classic cult film with its dutiful proclamation along the lines of it being "The story of a young man who's primary interests are sex, rape, ultra violence and Beethoven". This may be the case but what this doesn't tell you is the double message it clearly portrays. This message being that on the one hand anti-social behaviour of violence begets violence, but conversely the custodial sentences passed on such offenders fails to reform them both now and in Kubrick's disturbed future.

This is not a Horror film in the perceived sense (so gorehounds should give this a miss) but it is an excellent example of the genre's handling of the fine border line between political horror and black comedy.

Kubrick shows us a disturbing image of the future solely through the eyes of Alex De'large (The Russian of Alex is Dick so his name translates to The Big Dick), played by Malcolm McDowell. Street dereliction abounds, prisons are overcrowded and the government rules the country with a twisted and hypocritical hand (Ed, Kubrick was pretty accurate). It shows an intentionally 60's evocation of the future, and its hardly surprising that it has become such a cult success with its clear Nazi portrayal of a deceitful violent Police state that's trying to manipulate its youth.

The fear of control was a driving force in the Hippy movement during the 60's and the early 70's, its slaying by the right wing critics of the day is therefore hardly an unexpected swipe at what they saw as an anti-establishment savior.

Anyway less of the philosophical bullshit and onto the story.

The first scene wallops the visuals with Alex staring malevolently into the camera from beneath the rim of his Bowler. As it pans back we see he's with his three 'Groogs', Georgie Boy, Dim and Fats enjoying a glass of their favourite 'Synthesesc Kondencron' in the Korova Milk Bar. This prepares them for the old 'Ultra Violence'. Then the fun really begins.

The four Groogs beat up a tramp, a rival gang and finally race to HOME in Malcolm's MacLaren(!) HOME is the residence of Patrick Magee an author/political rival of the government and his wife. Alex mercilessly kicks the author while he's held down and viciously rapes his wife all carried out to a delightful rendition of 'Singing in the rain'.

Another visit to Korova introduces us to Alex's passion for Beethoven (the old Ludwig Van as Alex puts it), incidentally the milk here is dispensed through the nipples of life size mannequins!

After some leadership squabbles Alex is finally betrayed during a job, where he murders his victim with a 3' x 1' white porcelain phallus in one of the most hilarious scenes of the film.

He's caught and sentenced to fourteen years in a jail furnished by 'Colditz Interior Decorating Company PLC'. With the added bonus of Hitler look-a-like warders. Here he becomes a number not a free man leered after by homosexual inmates while maintaining a facade of subjection.

There's also anti religious imagery aplenty as he panders to a sleazy Priest.



ONE OF THE RECORD TITLES
IS KUBRICKS 2001

Alex hears of a new programme that is meant to cure violent urges and so provide almost instantaneous release from prison. He wangles his way in and is subjected to a course of Serum 114 a drug that in conjunction with a series of video nasti films causes the body to adversely react to violent urges. An unfortunate side effect of this treatment is that Alex can no longer stand Old Ludwig Van's 9th.

Alex is released into a society that still fears and misunderstands him. He is rejected by his parents who have ironically taken in a lodger to replace their son. He wanders London but meets up with his old friend the tramp. Revenge is sweet for the tramp. Two Policemen rescue him but turn out to be men other than ex Droogs Dim and Georgie Boy. Revenge is sweeter as they drive him to a field half drown him and beat him up.



Alex stumbles unseeing to HOME where the now crippled author takes him in without recognising the cause of his handicap. But old Alex makes the mistake of singing in his own inimitable style 'Singing in the rain, why he doesn't remember this song and its implications is beyond us.

The author decides to use Alex as a political weapon but not before extracting his own revenge in the form of locking him in a room upstairs and belting out Beethovens 9th from two edge woofer speakers. Alex can't take this, he berps and flatulates himself into a frenzy and decides its time to snuff it and out of the window flies a stuffed dummy.

He wakes up in Hospital to find he's recovering from the effects of his fall. It becomes obvious that to use him as a political tool the doctors have reversed the effects of the serum. Alex makes a steady recovery back to his own form of nonentity.

The Minister of the Interior arrives to inform the 'old' Alex that the author has been put away and that to compensate for the unfortunate incidents since his release Alex is to be set up in a cozy job doing little for a lot of money. The press burst in to witness the shaking of hands and insincere smiles from both Alex and the Minister.

This film excels on a higher plateau of art than any other film of its time.

One beef only, it contains too many Kubrick future colloquialisms and so it takes a good three or four viewings before the script can be followed clearly. A highly recommended film both bleak and often riotously funny. Get your Droogs round, turn on your gulliver, open your gazettes and watch this classic, its real Horror show !!!



Reviewed By Ian,

Dawn of the Dead

A while ago (a few years now) I saw Dawn of the Dead in one of its two video releases over here, at the time I thought it was great. Now I've seen the US unrated version and my opinion has changed from great to classic.

The zombies introduced in Romero's earlier classic have grown to a proportion that really threatens the Human race's existence. We start the film with a Television station and a brief cameo by Romero as a controller we are also introduced to one of the main characters, Fran the only woman in this Romero romp is girlfriend to a Helicopter pilot who provides the much needed escape for our heroes.

We are introduced to the defensive side of our group in a SWAT raid on an old building housing both criminals and more than a few Zombies. Two members of the SWAT team brought together under adversity are Roger and Peter, Roger confides in Peter of the plan to escape in the copter and asks him to come along. Peter agrees and we are finally given the complete grouping when Steven touches down with his copter.

This time round the action takes place in a Shopping mall and the story evolves from the problems the have in clearing the Mall and making sure no Zombies get back in.

There is also the final problem of a rogue motorcycle gang who drive the group from their sanctuary.

Everyone knows the story of Dawn so to repeat it in any detail would be a waste of time and space. Instead I thought I'd have a look at with deeper eyes. So lets see how many messages we can find in the second of the 'Dead' trilogy.

First off in this film is probably the most blatant image with a message ever, yea you've guessed it the Shopping Mall syndrome. Romero doesn't just show the Zombies still flocking around the shops he even has one of the characters pass comment on it. No matter how many times this particular message is noted, it never loses its impact or validity. Of course its also a damn good setting for a movie.

Probably the first message to come across in the movie is during the constant bickering at the TV station. The message is quite simple, no matter how threatened mankind is MAN just cannot resist in making it worse by petty arguments, personality clashes and communal megalomania.

This latter aspect is probably best highlighted by the film's finale where the bikers and our heroes are content to wipe each other out while Mankind dwindles to extinction due to the anti-social eating habits of the Dead.

Another underlying message is mans inability to look and act on a situation dispassionately. Man in its way is doomed by its own humanity.



Of course this is not to say that Romero doesn't take an equal delight in ridiculing the Scientists, this malignant group were to come under the hammer most explicitly in 'Day of the Dead' but Romero has a dig here just to keep the score even.

In fact it seems as if Romero is saying Screw Mankind - Long live the Dead, no, maybe he's not going that far, but he disturbs us with his dark image of our destructive instinct at the very time when unity and social cohesion is most needed.

Killing, in Dawn is a high that is made legal by the Dead, no longer the macho deer hunts, now its Dead hunts and in the end people hunts. Pulling a guns trigger is akin to a shot of Whiskey. The more Dead you kill the higher you go and the bigger you are. At least this is how George would have it. In some respects its almost a return to a Western frontier mentality, the Dead have replaced the Red Indians as legitimate massacre fodder.

Massacre fodder, that brings us nicely onto Tom Savini who as well as providing us with the blood splattered, gut ripping orgy also appears as the manic biker leader. Is there a message in Savini's gore, yes there is, the lurid red used for blood looks like paint, bright paint. Its gaudy and unconvincing, this only goes to highlight the nightmarish quality of the killings. This invoked nightmare is unreal in the sense that you aren't repelled by the head explosions, you're not supposed to be, rather its reducing the impact of death. Essentially we are not supposed to care. The Dead are just that and the Humans are worse.

A greater sympathy is evoked for the Dead who after all had no choice over their resurrection. Our heroes are the only People we care anything for, the rest appaul us as much as the gut munchers.

There is also an inherent voyeurism in the film. Seeing everything reduces the power of the details, the impact of the whole is more because the impact of its parts are less. A simple story far surpasses its size.

Right I hope your suitably confused, if you are watch the film again, the effects don't shock as they do in 'Night' yet the overall result is a more satisfying display. 'Dawn's comic opera style makes it a more intense parody of human nature. You are left feeling happier at the deaths of the Bikers than you are at the deaths of the Zombies.



This anti human stance is taken to its conclusion in 'Day of the Dead' where the most sympathetic character is Bub a zombie evolving from its death into a new life. He also reads Stephen King which can't be bad.

NEWS AND STUFF

San Raimi's DARK MAN should be with us soon and stars Liam Neeson a fine actor who was the only good thing in the last Dirty Harry movie.

Total Recall is a pretty good film that has some excellent effect by Rob Bottin of THING fame, well worth checking out if you haven't already.

SAMHAIN don't like Re-animator 2, shucks looks like i'm in a minority of one, never mind.

Fear is getting worse and it was late with my advert for issue 1. I mean what is the point having a section for zines when they can't even guarantee when they'll place the add, and it costs not like the ZINE ZONE.

Fear also think that the new film from Frank Marshall is called Along Came a Spider while Fangoria say its called Arachnophobia. I think I can guess who's right.

There's a new American publication out called VIDEO WATCHDOG. Issue 1 has a brilliant Jess Franco article and a section called the Cutting Room Floor which does a similar treatment to films as I have done in this issue to Evil Dead. On the subject of cuts I will hopefully be doing a film an issue in a similar vein to the Evil Dead article just so you can find out where all the blood has gone.

Some idiot has made Watchers 2, honestly after the first you'd have thought they'd learned their lesson, obviously not.

The cop in Maniac Cop 2 looks like his face appliance has come from an old Doctor Who episode.

I still don't like Hellbound, all I can say is it very rad. Hopefully though i'll be able to find solace in Nightbreed.

Anyone interested might like to check out an American firm called Dickens Video By Mail who offer PAL transfers. I don't know anything about them as i've only just sent for the catalogue. Anyone who has dealt with them might like to let me know how good or bad they are. Check out Fango for their address.

Autumn should see the remake of Night of the Living Dead which has Tom Savini at its helm. I can't wait.

Childs Play 2 should be along at a similar time, I think I can wait for this one.

Someone is filming a Stephen King adaptation of Graveyard Shift a gritty short story of rats in the cellar. If the film gets close to the story it should be good.

Cronenberg is brilliant as is Menenlotter although in different ways.

Midland Bank however are complete Bastards and I hope non of the 3rd world countries pay them back.

I missed Shock Around the Clock which really pissed me off. My thanks go to Neil Palmer though for the usual and for trying his best to get me a ticket.

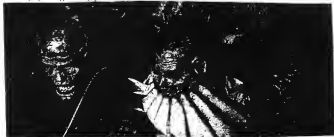
Is there anyone out there who can get me a Video Copyguard Corrector, i'll pay a reasonable price!

Well not a lot of news this issue, hopefully there will be more next time.

BASKET CASE II

This time round we have Basket Case II, the sequel to one of the most popular independent horror films ever.

Unlike Frankenstein, where the humor is total, Basket Case II is a more serious offering its still sickily funny but there is a definite message in this piece, Freaks in any form need the same care and love as anyone else, its also a swiping attack at gutter press journalists and Sunday Sport type newspapers. Its no 'FREAKS' but it still has a lot to say.



Belial and Guana survive the fall that finished the first film, they escape Hospital only to be rescued by a Freak doctor who with the help of her grand daughter hide and care for a number of 'unique individuals'.



The press got wind of this and start harassing the retreat for Freaks, they get killed off by Belial with the help of the others. Along the way Belial falls in love with a female of similar disfigurement (he books her in the sickest scene in the film), Guana falls for the grand daughter but accidentally kills her when he finds out that she's been pregnant for six years with a reptile thing that sticks its head out of her stomach for air.

There are the usual Hansen's weirdness's in abundance as well as some excellently conceived Freaks. The acting is above its budget and there's an intelligent script here to bring the elements together under Hansen's direction.

Basket Case II takes a different approach from the original and makes it work with a distinctive visual flair and a serious attempt to make you think even while you're enjoying yourself.

Hansen seems to be one of the brightest new talents and I hope he doesn't wait too long to make his next film. On this showing he could become THE most important genre director. Basket Case II makes it 4 out of 4. Here's looking forward to the next 4.

